



*The War Cry*  
Christmas Number, 1955





THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1955

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

The front cover is a lovely new conception of the Nativity, painted by Leslie Benson, and kindly lent to "The War Cry" by the Concordia Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

The back cover is a typical carolling scene, and is an original painting, passed on to "The War Cry" by its Chicago counterpart, to whose editor thanks are due.

ON OTHER PAGES

Other seasonable pictorial subjects are seen on the two inside covers.

Christmas stories and articles by Salvation Army leaders will be found in this issue.

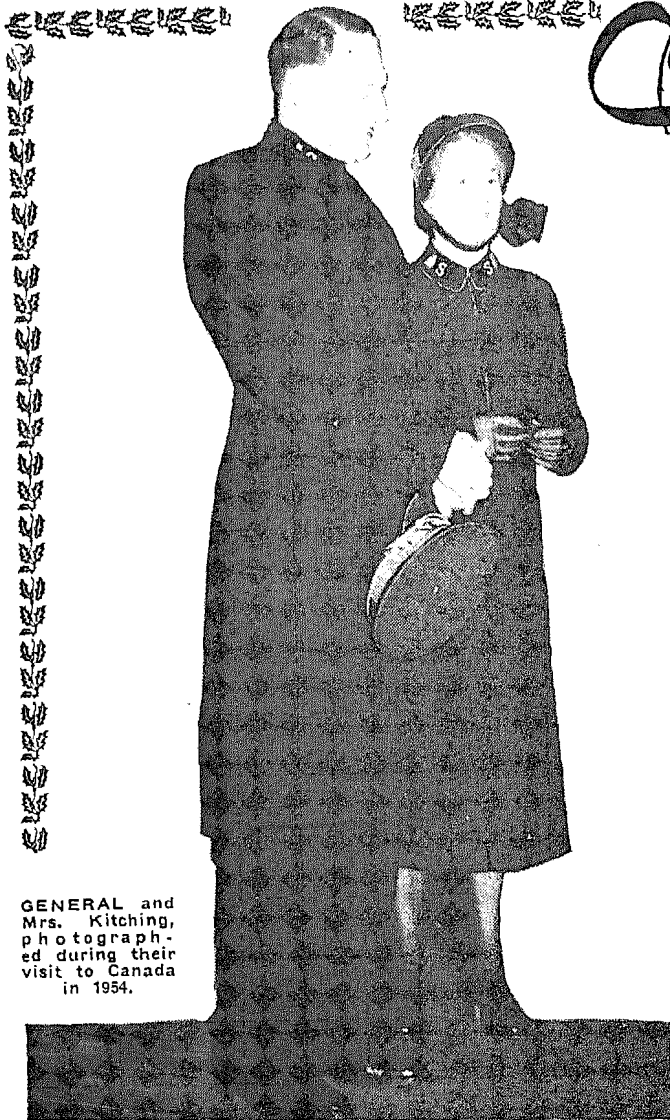
A feast of interesting and helpful reading material has also been supplied by a variety of writers, mostly resident in Canada.







# Christmas—



GENERAL and Mrs. Kitching, photographed during their visit to Canada in 1954.

*"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings".*

**W**HAT has this verse to do with Christmas? It would be as well to relate first an incident. The journey I had to make demanded an early start and because of the hour it had to be made by road. The night had been very chilly and there was an extreme darkness—a darkness that could almost be felt; but presently I saw a break in the dark horizon and, by a process which was not the less real because it was so silent and gradual, it seemed as though an unseen artist was leaving the mark of his brush as, with a light touch, he drew a streak of light over the eastern sky.

Soon I observed the rays of the rising sun and noted that they

that the beasts of the field were rousing themselves as though awaiting their master's command, and men themselves were evidently

drove away the night clouds and then began to scatter the mists that hung over the low-lying fields. Then, in a startling manner, the silence of the morning hour was broken by a chorus of birds and so impressive was that chorus that I had to pause on my way to listen. In that moment I clearly saw the closed petals of flowers opening up; all nature around me was beginning to stir.

As I continued my journey I noticed

awakening from their slumber, arising to their daily toil, in the little villages through which I passed. All the world seemed glad because another day had come and I am not surprised, as I reflect on that early morning journey, that if the psalmist had seen similar stirrings to those that I had noticed he would have been led to declare:

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches" (Psalm 104: 23-24).

The reflection of that early morning journey comes to me afresh as I meditate on the coming of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings, to the world of which Bethlehem at that hour was the object of Heaven's gaze.

It was indeed a dark world, in which bitterness and hatred and rivalry were rampant. The clouds of unbelief hung low. The mists of misunderstanding blotted out the beauty of things and men needed a gospel of hope if the possibilities of life at its best were to open up like the petals of a tightly-closed flower. There was no spontaneous song. Man was held in a bondage that made him a slave to custom, and there was no joy in his labour.

To me Christmas is like a sunrise.

## CHRISTMAS IN JAIL

**I**N 1912 I was honoured to be imprisoned for fourteen days in England for preaching Christ on Hastings' sea-front. My first Sunday brought a thrilling experience that has been a sacred memory for thirty-eight years.

That morning I attended a service, led by the chaplain, during which, unknown to me, my little band from Burgess Hill had arrived at the prison gates.

Shortly after noon, at the conclusion of the service, I was marched to my cell and, on arrival, was surprised to hear what I readily recognized as the playing of my band. Many had cycled the sixteen miles with their instruments strapped to their backs. The drummer was told that, owing to the long journey, he

need not play but, undaunted, he attached a trailer to his cycle to carry the drum.

Standing on my prison stool near the window I heard the band play "We'll be heroes," "Have faith in God, the sun will shine" and "Stand like the Brave." Then came the soulful tune "For you I am praying." I felt the men were really playing and praying.

Arriving back in Burgess Hill the men found my wife leading the afternoon open-air meeting. They did not trouble about dinner but went to her side and played some of the tunes they had played to me.

I shall never forget that band of men "whose hearts God had touched."

William Waters, Lt.-Colonel (R).

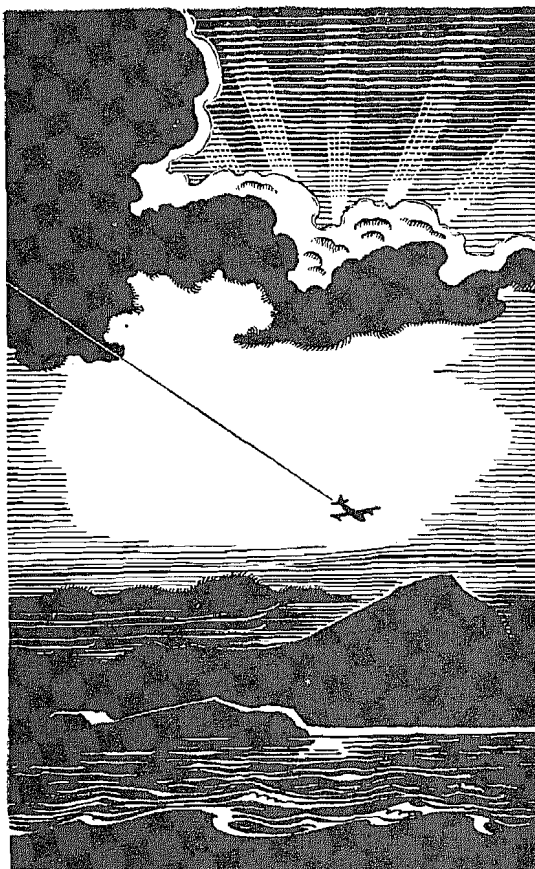
# And The SUNRISE

It has mastered the darkness of unbelief and the gloom which always follows disobedience. Christmas has scattered the mists of uncertainty and dissipated the heavy clouds of that "fear which hath torment".

Christmas has helped to pour around the souls of men the light of love, encircling them like a luminous atmosphere. Like the sun it has

ing, invigorating, healing, purifying and refining the souls of all who turn to Him.

Imagine, if you can, a night without an end. Try to conceive in your mind a time when the new day never dawns, but when even though you have awakened, you wait and wait and wait



BY THE ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL LEADER

**General Wilfred Kitching**

made manifest hidden things and revealed them in a manner never known before. It has diffused into deep valleys of the spirit the calm light of peace, meekness and gentleness, and it has beautified the whole life of man with a heavenly gladness that gives to life "a joy unspeakable and full of glory".

Christmas has helped to cast along the road of the pilgrim the rosy glow of a hope that does not lead astray, and we discover the Christ of Bethlehem as the Sun of Righteousness revealing Himself, and not waiting below the clouds on the horizon, but in the full-orbed glory of His saving grace quickening, awakening, enlightening, warm-

in vain for its coming. So, indeed, would this world have remained—in the perpetual darkness of sin—had not Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, broken into its night by His coming.

As the earth turns around on its axis and presents its face to meet the sun and the night clears away,

and behold the day breaks, will you, my friend, turn your heart this Christmastide to the Sun of Righteousness? If you will, you will discover that the healing rays of His presence will transform your whole life. Then indeed for you shall this Christmas-time be a Sunrise. Call upon Christ today!

## THE SILENT MILL

BY COLONEL EDWARD JOY

⊗ NE winter's day I came upon a mill,  
Its long, gaunt sweeps were silent, quiet, and still;  
And, looking to the leaden, low'ring sky,  
I thought, "God has no care for such as I."

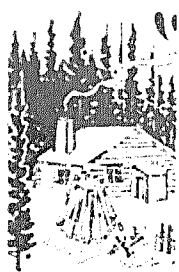
The miller came, and saw me dreary stand—  
A blot of sadness on the snow-white land;  
And called, "Why thus so cheerless thou?"  
I answered, "Why? The mill is silent now."

Said he, "Dost think that God has ceased to care,  
And that His thought for us is waste and bare?  
Oh, faithless one, why doubt and sigh and weep?  
God still His promises to us doth keep."

"Come, look and see! The Lord doth still provide,  
His creatures' wants are safe and sure supplied."  
And then the granary door he wide did pull;  
I looked, and lo, a storehouse deep and full.

## CHRISTMAS ALL THE YEAR

LET the reader resolve that the spirit of Christmas—the thrilling eruption of goodwill, generosity and unselfishness which marks the Yuletide season—is not dropped on December 26. Keep it going! We don't mean the giving of presents, but the spirit behind it—that interest in our fellow-men is sadly lacking during the year, in some cases. Begin with the new year to bring happiness into some life—a crippled child, an adult shut-in or someone else in need, and do it right through the year. You'll be happier as a result.



# Cheering a Lonely Exile

BY MRS. SR.-CAPTAIN E. JARRETT

**I**N the outskirts of a Canadian West Coast town, in a log cabin surrounded by trees built some distance from the main road, lived a middle-aged man who had come to Canada many years ago from Sweden. He made a living cutting logs. One cold Christmas Eve, after spending the day at his work, he came to his cabin, prepared his lonely supper, and lay down to rest. It was intensely cold, and he built a good fire. As he lay upon his bed, his thoughts were of his home far across the sea.

He does not know how long he slept, but he awoke to find that the cabin was on fire. Frantically he groped to find the door, but could not locate it. He rushed to the window and managed to get out, but as he did so, he cut his head badly, and his clothes were afire. He would have burnt to death had it not been for a neighbour who, passing by on the main road, saw the flames and came down to investigate. He rolled the poor man in the snow and managed to put out the flames. In his car he had a Christmas parcel—new sheets—which he unwrapped and used to make bandages. Quickly wrapping the injured man in blankets, he rushed him to the hospital in his car.

A nurse phoned the Army quarters on Christmas Day. She was tenderly caring for this patient, who in his delirium kept wailing over and over again, "And this is Christmas . . . Christmas!" The nurse thought perhaps if the Salvationists brought him a gift—even a "sunshine bag," he would know he was not forgotten, and perhaps it would help him to recover.

The officers determined to go one

better. A box, decorated with pictures cut from Christmas cards, and filled with apples, oranges, nuts and candy, with a piece of Christmas cake and fancy cookies—and a card attached "From The Salvation Army Home League," was prepared with loving care. The gift was sent along and placed beside the man's bed; the nurse was soon showing him the pretty box and its contents. His head was completely wrapped in bandages—with four holes showing where were his eyes, nose and mouth. The sick man felt comforted and, lying back upon his pillow, he began to rest more easily. The nurse says he improved at once.

Christmas Day, New Year's Day, then, Valentine's Day and he was still in hospital. Imagine his surprise to receive a valentine from each member of the Outpost Home League at Willow River. He looked over the cards many times, and was heard to exclaim, "I never had so many letters in all my life!"

The leaguers rejoiced when, at last, he was discharged, and they did not forget him in his loneliness.

## The Best Gift Of All

**T**HE wise men brought to Jesus gold, emblematic of best valued possessions, frankincense, the fragrant sap of the serata tree, which speaks of giving themselves, and myrrh which is difficult and tedious to gather by hand, as an indication of the gift of other souls folk would gather and present to Him. "Into the thickets of sin and brambled places of sorrow we shall go, and come and bring unto Thee the sweet-smelling savour of other seekers who will give possessions and themselves."

## Christmas In The Punjab

BY SR.-CAPTAIN GORDON HOLMES

**F**OR over six years we have watched the celebrations of the numerous festivals which take place in this great land—India—but none can begin to compare with the beauty or meaning of our celebration of Christ's birth. These non-Christian festivals centre around ridiculous myths and legends of the countless gods and deities, whom the people blindly worship. A certain amount of pleasure is derived from their new clothes and special feasts, but their hearts remain empty.

Our hearts are filled with joy in the knowledge that, as the angel announced, Christ is our Saviour. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save his people from their sins".

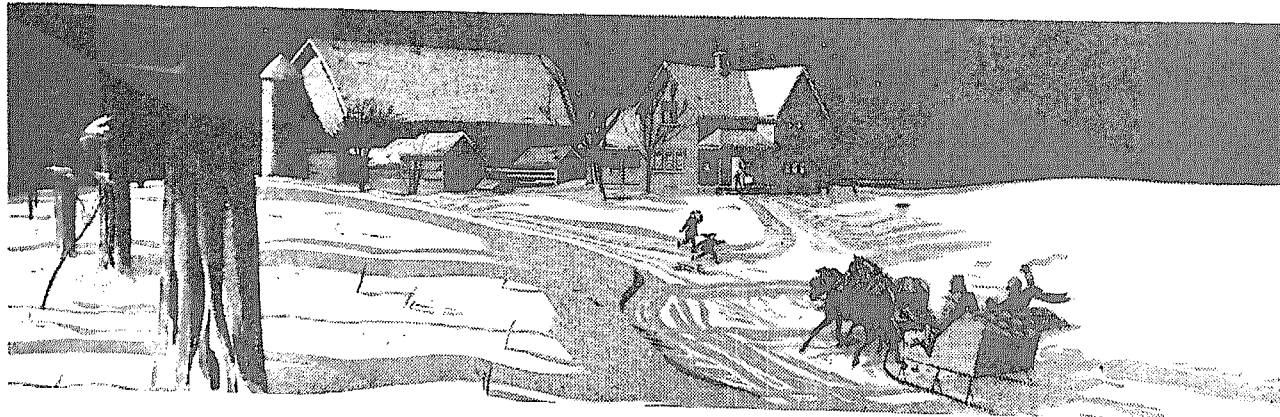
We rejoice in Him because we have the hope of everlasting life, for Jesus said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

In the Punjab on Christmas Eve, the message and happiness of Christmas is shared with others in many villages through the groups of Christians forming singing parties and carolling from midnight to dawn. In Batala, a public address system is installed for the occasion, and a continuous programme of carol-singing, scripture reading and written messages reaches several thousand listeners from 6:30 p.m. to midnight and from 4 a.m. to 7 a.m. on Christmas morn.

Then, at 11 o'clock, hundreds of people gather in the hall for the special service which lasts several hours, many of them coming from the surrounding villages.

In the early evening we have our own special feast for the boys in our boarding section of this Salvation Army school, and each one receives a small gift.

**C**HRISTIAN reader, be a crusader in the town or city where you live. Write letters to the press or speak to all you can influence about office parties. Many a young man or woman has taken the first step towards a life of drunkenness or immorality as a result of parties where liquor is not only provided but often forced on non-drinkers. You will not only help to prevent the things mentioned, but car accidents of vehicles driven by stupefied men, whose liquor is telling them they are driving better than ever before.



PAGE SIX

THE WAR CRY

# "You Will Meet Her Again!"

BY COLONEL CHARLES PÉAN

A true story of the consequences of sin. The Saviour came to earth at the first Christmas to "destroy the work of the Devil" and the Salvationists went to Devil's Island to make the message known.

Colonel Péan, now Chief Secretary for Switzerland, has welcomed all these prisoners home to France and Devil's Island is no more, thanks to the Army's efforts and the representation they made to the French Government.

I SHALL never forget it . . . Not just because this festival which suggests to us snow-covered fields, frost-sprinkled pines, leaping flames from log-fires on the hearth, exquisite odours and so many other things, was not being held in such surroundings. Nor because the strangeness of the "tree" we had made there—by fastening palm-branches round a pole and fixing to them candles which, ashamed to be found shining in such a place, bowed their heads toward the earth under the heat—could not arouse a bewilderment of soul to become one with that of the senses. No! But simply that "le Bagne" ("Devil's Island," the Colonial Penitentiary, or what you will) where we were, had also received its Christmas gift—was even fully taken up with it! The day before, in a great "hamper" gliding over the water straight from France, a "present" of 666 new convicts had arrived!

Among the men in their red-striped jackets was Auguste Combert, forty-six years of age, commercial traveller by profession, who came to pay, on the shores of the Maroni, for the revolver shot which had killed his mistress.

## A Ruined Home

No one could have imagined such a thing of so amiable a man. And if only that had been the end of it all! Alas, the day after the crime, his wife, unfolding the newspaper, learned not only the terrible news of his arrest, but also of her husband's unfaithfulness.

The shock caused her death.

The little daughter, a beautiful child of eleven years with big dark eyes, suddenly robbed of mother, father and home, was sent to a nearby orphanage.

Before leaving Saint-Martin de Ré, the father asked to see his little

one. They brought her to him a week before the embarkation. How deeply wounded was her innocent heart when, behind the double grill, she recognized the pale face of the condemned man—her father. Throwing herself against the bars which she grasped with both hands, she poured out her grief, screaming through her tears, "Daddie, Daddie, my daddie!" They had to tear her and her father away from the dreadful grill.

A week later, as Combert was boarding *La Martinière*—the prison ship used for the transportation of convicts to their tropical jail—the child drew her last breath.

And now, on the quay at St. Laurent, where he has just landed, we must break the news to the convict before he joins the camp in the great forest.

As we draw apart from the others, quite simply he tells me his story, which, until the drama, is ordinary enough: habits, weaknesses, routine . . . Then cowardice, fear, bargaining, violence; and the spider, having spun its web of steel, has only to devour its prey.

With bowed head he tells it all until, as silence falls, the thought of his past enfolds us, shutting out all else . . . We see as we look upon the man but another illustration of the inexorable law of life—"Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." Half the horror of this place is the terrible, irredeemable histories of the men who come here.

## "She Is Waiting For Me"

Suddenly he pulls himself together: "But I am no bandit, I'm an honest man. I shall know how to behave here so that my sentence may be reduced. I must return."

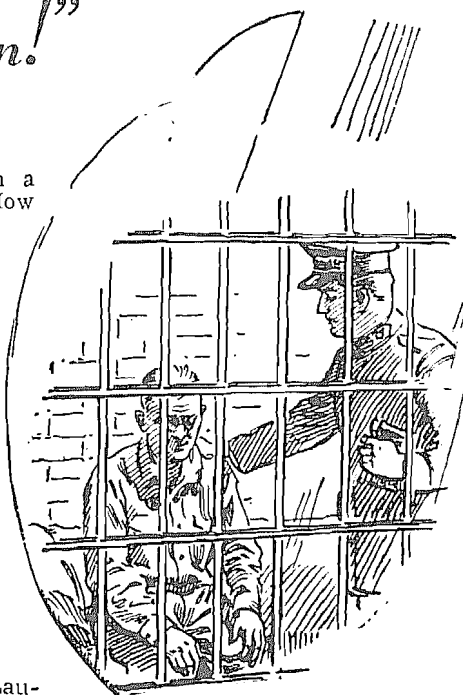
And his face turns toward the far distance, beyond the river up which the boat had come.

"I must return," he continued, with set features. I seem to see, as I follow his gaze toward the far horizon, a little white face, framed in dark curls.

"She is waiting for me," he continues, and his voice becomes hoarse.

He sees her again, clinging to the bars in the prison, beating against them as she pours out all the sorrow of a child. He thinks of her this Christmas . . . What will she do without her mother, without him, without a home?

"Yes," I reply in a whisper, and with an effort. The way of the transgressor can be so hard. I know



how full of self-reproach he must be as he thinks of his wife and his own failure. I know how deepened the hurt will be when he learns about his child. "Yes," I whisper tenderly, "she will be waiting for you, if not in France."

## "Up There!"

The man turns sharply toward me. His eyes devour me. Lifting my hand, I point toward the sky: "—up there, Combert." I whisper. "There is a God who can forgive our sins and strengthen us to meet temptation, so that we may at last meet our loved ones up there if we are never given the joy of meeting them again on earth!" White as a sheet he suddenly collapses in a heap. Pain has heightened his perception. He sees the truth I would unveil so slowly and he sobs hopelessly, lost in despair.

The call of a whistle announces the departure of the column. Two warders lift the man and push him toward the ranks. His hat has fallen to the ground and his shaved head shines under the gleaming sun. I run after him and, offering him the hat, try to utter another word or two of hope and encouragement. But he neither hears nor sees me; I put the hat on his head. The Captain has slipped into his pocket a copy of the Gospel in which he had written a word or two. And the long procession of punished men moves slowly toward the forest which absorbs it. It looks like an immense caterpillar . . . Combert is spending Christmas in Hell if ever any man did that!

We return to the hostel. The "tree" is now all decorated with garlands. Some liberated men are singing a song, grouped around the Captain who is seated at the harmonium.

# Radio Song Inspires Memories

By

MRS. K. WILLIAMS, Nelson, B.C.

CHRISTMAS is over once more. The trimmings have been taken down and packed away for another year. The tree which was the chief attraction has been deprived of all its ornaments, and tossed outside as

something that is no longer of any use. It may be gone, but the glory lingers on in our hearts, where it will remain for many days to come.

This has been the loveliest Christmas I have known for a long time. To begin with, our little city has never been dressed up so gaily. It was an adventure just to walk down town and see all the trees blinking at you from the windows, where they

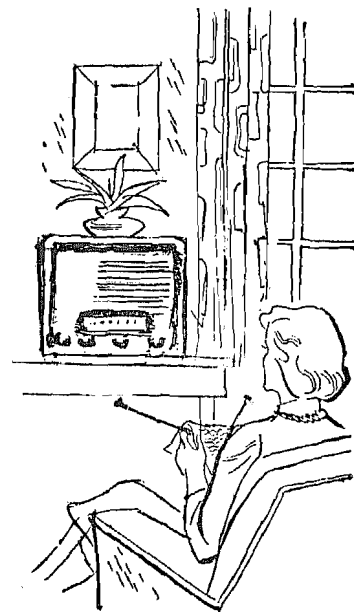
stood so proudly in all their beauty. It seemed as if the folks were out to see who could make their place look the loveliest.

There were trees on the lawns, bedecked with many-coloured lights; trees on verandas, on the outside of the stores, even on top of the light standards at the intersections down town. Everywhere, Christmas trees sparkled. There was even a large tree up in the park on the mountain side, overlooking the city.

Then there were strings of coloured lights across the streets and on the buildings, shining like jewels. Greetings in neon lights shone out—some in the shape of bells, some like maple leaves.

Then as we would come home, our own tree seemed to smile and beckon to us through the windows. As we opened the door, the first thing that met our eye was the reflections from the red, green and gold lights as they cast their many-coloured reflections on the floors, in the mirrors, on the furniture and all the windows.

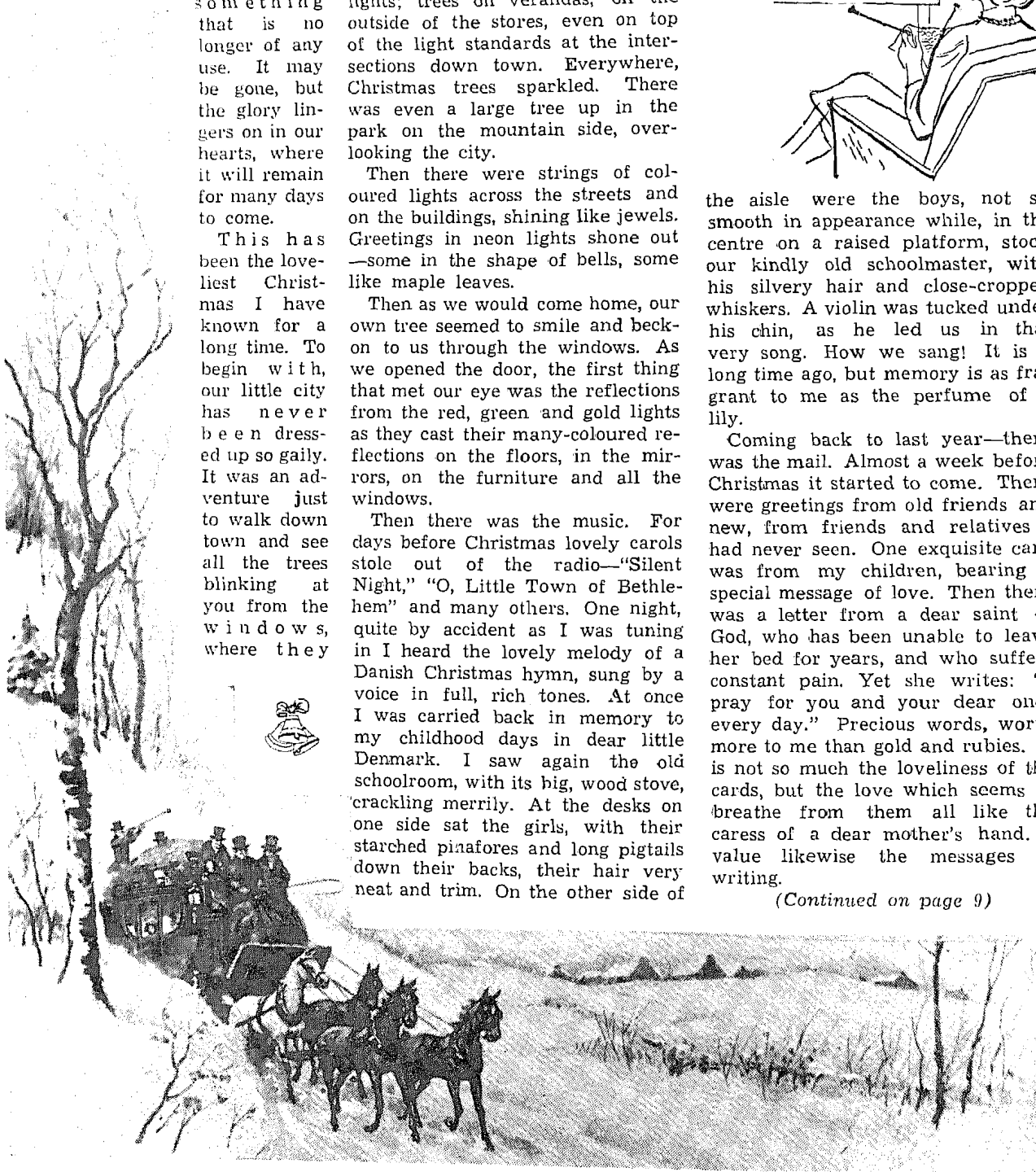
Then there was the music. For days before Christmas lovely carols stole out of the radio—"Silent Night," "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" and many others. One night, quite by accident as I was tuning in I heard the lovely melody of a Danish Christmas hymn, sung by a voice in full, rich tones. At once I was carried back in memory to my childhood days in dear little Denmark. I saw again the old schoolroom, with its big, wood stove, crackling merrily. At the desks on one side sat the girls, with their starched pinafores and long pigtailed down their backs, their hair very neat and trim. On the other side of



the aisle were the boys, not so smooth in appearance while, in the centre on a raised platform, stood our kindly old schoolmaster, with his silvery hair and close-cropped whiskers. A violin was tucked under his chin, as he led us in that very song. How we sang! It is a long time ago, but memory is as fragrant to me as the perfume of a lily.

Coming back to last year—there was the mail. Almost a week before Christmas it started to come. There were greetings from old friends and new, from friends and relatives I had never seen. One exquisite card was from my children, bearing a special message of love. Then there was a letter from a dear saint of God, who has been unable to leave her bed for years, and who suffers constant pain. Yet she writes: "I pray for you and your dear ones every day." Precious words, worth more to me than gold and rubies. It is not so much the loveliness of the cards, but the love which seems to breathe from them all like the caress of a dear mother's hand. I value likewise the messages in writing.

(Continued on page 9)





# "News" ALL THE YEAR ROUND

BY SR-MAJOR WILLIAM F. ROSS

ON a hot afternoon in August we were somewhat startled to hear emanating from our muted radio the familiar strains of a well known Christmas carol. Our interest quickened when the announcer proclaimed he had some news. Following a dramatic pause, to the accompaniment of jingling sleigh bells, the unctuous voice informed the waiting listeners that Christmas was on the way. The advertisement which followed concluded with a repetition of the "news" "Christmas is coming folks, yes, Christmas IS coming. Order your ——— now!"

Even if the sense of humour which prompted such an announcement in the sweltering August weather was in somewhat questionable taste, I had to admit the truth of the statement. My friend at the microphone spoke even better than he realized. It WAS news, great news—well worthy of a special announcement. The coming of Christmas is NEWS. Thrilling news!

I do not, of course, refer to the externals of the Christmas story—the closed inn-door, the shepherd's

watch, the angel's song, the manger bed, the shining star. With these we are all familiar. Constant repetition of the story has robbed these much-loved symbols of any new angle which might set the presses of the world humming in an endeavour to secure a "scoop". Yet, the Christmas story is news—real, heart warming news.

## A Message of Real Value

What is the Christmas news? The mighty revelation that the Divinity could lay aside His garments of Glory and appear, even more glorious, in the working garb of our humanity. That is news! That the Inhabitor of Eternity, whose name is Holy, had chosen to disdain as His dwelling temples made with hands and decided to make His abode with the humble and contrite in heart, and to reveal Himself to the pure in heart.

Who can deny this is NEWS, glorious news! Our community makes much of the slogan "Put Christ back into Christmas". This is a laudable objective. It cannot be



achieved until each of us, as far as in us lies, prepares a place to which He may come. Men's hearts are still His dwelling. He still comes in this way to the true believer, and is revealed in surrendered lives. That he can thus come and thus be revealed is indeed news, big news!

The bells ring out over a world that is tense and tired; a world where wisdom is more than offset by wickedness; a world that dares not give up its probings and searchings, yet dreads what it may discover. This world needs Christ more than it needs Christmas. Christ still yearns to "impart to human hearts the blessings of His Heaven".

Many really earnest souls, sorely puzzled, listen to the clamant voices of various selfish ideologies and long for true, strong leadership. Perhaps they will catch in our lives the rhythm of the angel's song, and start on that great quest which always ends at His feet. If our hearts are open to His coming it may well be that watchers in the grim blackness of this world's night may, in our word or action, see His star and rise to follow Him. That this quest is still open, that this star still shines is indeed news.

His presence as a babe turned a stable, the abode of beasts, into a shrine. His coming will transform every heart, filling it with a glory that overflows in the telling abroad of the news, the great news, without which Christmas has no value.

## RADIO SONG INSPIRES MEMORIES

(Continued from page 8)

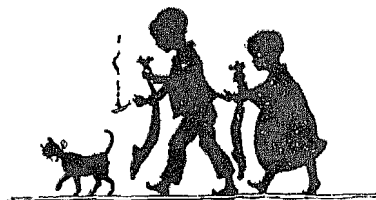
Then there were the newspapers. Maybe you will say, "Can there be any beauty in a newspaper?" Day after day, as I took up the paper, I read where folks had sent donations to the Christmas Cheer Fund, so that those who did not have much of this world's goods might have a happy Christmas. There must have been a lovely spirit in those who gave so freely, not because they were asked but because they really wanted to share.

All this, because a long time ago a tiny Babe was born in a manger. It was God's wonderful gift to a dark world. It was the expression of the great love of our Father, who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that we might be saved. From that tiny Babe a

light has gone forth to the world, illuminating it like a mighty tree casting its rays of a million lights into the darkest corner of the earth. Oh, how wonderful was—and is—the love of God.

May the light that came to Bethlehem shine more and more into the hearts of the people of the earth, until there shall not be one soul untouched by its glory.

Thank God for Jesus, and Christmas.



If you want to enjoy Christmas as never before, begin the Day of days by reading over the old, yet ever new story of that first Christmas, when God's Supreme Gift to the world arrived. It is found in Matthew and Luke's Gospels, chapter 2.



A PICTURE TAKEN when Commissioner and Mrs. W. Wycliffe Booth were stationed in Norway, and when they were, one midnight, with the Norwegian Men's Social Secretary, seeking out the homeless sheltering in brick kilns.

SOME years ago, The Salvation Army in France sent out a team every night to take warm soup to the homeless. The little car, with its trailer, began its journey after midnight. This was to be sure that only the homeless would benefit.

What tragic scenes we saw on those nightly excursions! It was the duty of the Paris Division to furnish the workers once a week, and I think I could fill a book with the stories and incidents that came to my personal notice when, as divisional commander, I took charge of our party on these weekly excursions.

In those days, Paris had trams and, during the winter, funny little cubicles were erected at the cross-roads to shelter the men who switched the lines at the crossing.

While distributing the soup, we always looked into these small erections, for more than once we found some poor, cold and hungry wretch sheltering from the wind and rain, trying to snatch a few hours of sleep.

One bitter snowy night, near Christmas, I peeped through the glass-fronted door and saw that one

of these boxes had an occupant. The door was fastened from the inside and, in spite of the fact that I called, and showed a big bowl of steaming hot soup, there was no response.

I had a feeling that the poor fellow inside was so numb with the cold that he could not respond. So, I got a screw-driver from the car, pressed back the bolt, and the door sprang open.

I found an old man, with white hair and beard. He was absolutely numb with the cold. His foot was roughly bandaged, and he appeared to be strangely dressed in a pair of workman's blue overalls. As I helped him to his feet, I realized that he had nothing else on underneath—no suit, no underclothing—just a pair of jeans.

This was no ordinary case. I called Brigadier Peyrot to come and help me. For many years she did this work with a noble self-sacrifice seldom equalled in the Army.

Together we took him to the car. We almost had to carry him. It was a little warmer inside and, as he sat there and began to eat his soup, he began his pitiful story. He told me that his son was chef in a fine hotel in Paris. He himself had lived all his life in Marseilles, and had been

# CHRIST

## A Midni

very happy until, a few months ago, his life-long companion had died. He had a pension from the railway. His son often sent money, and they had been quite comfortable. But, old and lonely, he could not seem to manage after the death of his wife.

When his son invited him to come to Paris,

BY THE TERRITO

Commissioner W.

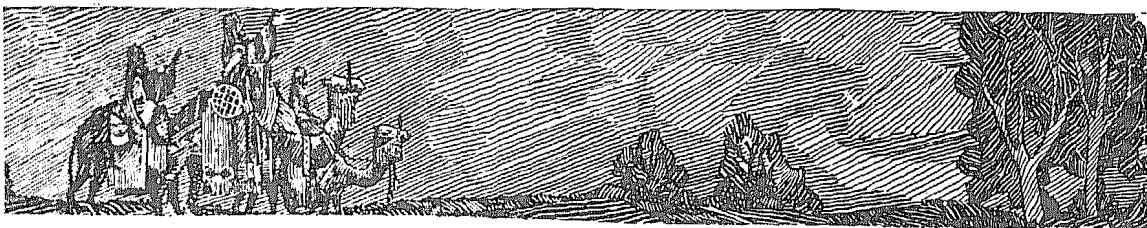
it seemed the only solution. The furniture was sold, and the apartment was rented. At last he was in the train, the proceeds from the sale of his furniture safely in his pocket.

All was well, until he remembered, with a painful shock, that he had left behind his son's address. Moreover, he had recently changed jobs, and the father could not remember the name of the new hotel. Everything went wrong. Paris was full of visitors; there was no room at the hotel he had chosen; there seemed to be no room at any hotel. He wandered further and further into the working class district of Paris, applying at hotels ever more cheap and shabby, and still he could not get even the smallest room. At last, however, the proprietress of a dubious little place gave a reluctant "yes" to his enquiry, "providing that Monsieur does not mind sharing a room with another client."

The old man crept up to bed long after midnight, dead tired, and dropped off to sleep at once.

He awoke in the morning. It was evidently late. No sign of the "other client."

Feeling a little uneasy, he stretched out his hand to-



# MAS LOVE IN ACTION

## ght Rescue In Paris



ward his jacket on the bedside chair. His money was gone. Indeed, every article he possessed was gone—excepting his shoes.

He rang, and the reluctant proprietress climbed to the top of the house and inquired what he wanted. He explained what had happened, but the enraged woman only scream-

IAL COMMANDER

*Wycliffe Booth*

ed at the old man for his folly in allowing himself to be robbed, and gave him no sympathy for what had occurred.

When at last it dawned on her that she would have to provide clothing for him, she told him that she would lend him her husband's overalls, but he would have to leave his pyjamas behind as "security." He had no choice but to accept.

And so, clad in these ridiculous and inadequate garments, he was flung out into the street, without even a cup of coffee to check the trembling brought about by fear and cold.

As he stood there, dazed and wondering what he could do there was a crash in the street.

Two cars had collided. The gathering was horrified to see a man pinned beneath the overturned taxi. "Allons, mes amis, a little united effort!" called the driver. All hands must help and heave! The old man from Marseilles heaved with the rest. The wounded man was pulled clear. Down came the taxi, but the old man was not quick enough, and the vehicle fell heavily upon his foot. So now he had a crushed foot to add to his sorry plight.

Instead of going to the police for help, the poor old man began to hobble through the streets of Paris to the west end, enquiring from hotel to hotel for his son—the chef. Dressed as he was, and being unfamiliar with the use of tradesmen's entrances, he received anything but a good reception. How long did this vain

search last? Two days—three days? What of the nights? Well, they were spent "out." What was another old man added to the hundreds who were homeless that cold winter night in Paris? That was the story he told us. In less than twenty-four hours we had located his son. Subsequent inquiries revealed that his story was true in every particular.

What would have become of him if we had not found him? I venture to think that another twenty-four hours of exposure and lack of food would have so weakened his powers of resistance that the tram employees would have found a corpse in their junction box.

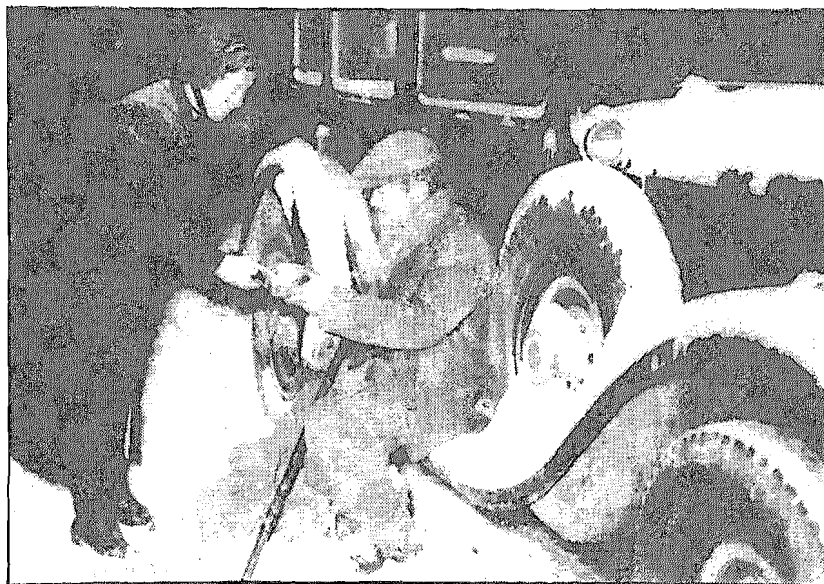
It seems to me that this story has a great lesson for all of us. We should remember that sometimes people fall into extreme poverty and

distress through no fault of their own. Indeed, I believe that it is never entirely the fault of the individual when he has fallen from his place in society and is in dire need of help.

And, another thing: but for the grace and love of God, who knows whether we might not have fallen just as low, had we been the victim of the same circumstances as our unfortunate brothers?

Surely at no time of the year is the message of brotherhood so applicable as at Christmas! "Goodwill towards man" does not mean merely thinking nice things about him, but finding out if he is in need—bodily or spiritually—and putting into practical application the spirit of Redeeming Love.

A SNAP of Brigadier Peyrot, mentioned in the accompanying article, taken at 2 o'clock on Christmas morning at the Halles, within a stone's throw of Notre Dame Cathedral.







## And Cheer Them In Their Loneliness

BY  
S. L.  
MORGAN  
Wake Forest,  
N.C., U.S.A.

**W**E are sure to remember the children at Christmas. They will be in the centre of the stage, and in the centre of our hearts, God bless them! But what of the old people—the one million of them in Canada above sixty years of age? They will not be on the stage nor in the limelight. They will be in the background and the shadows, too often left to feel alone and lonely, neglected and forgotten, longing for some token that they are remembered. Are we to let Christmas and the end of the year pass without some token? All of us have some of these aged people nearby, round the corner, maybe next door, pining for a token that someone remembers and cares. I am one of them—one of the fortunate ones, aspiring to be a crusader in their interest.

Letters from some of my elderly correspondents have come from the Atlantic and the Pacific. Often they go to my heart. They come out of lonely hearts, reaching out even to a stranger for a word of sympathy and understanding. Often it is an appeal on behalf of others more lonely and less fortunate than they.

### Nursed The Sick, But Now Alone

Here are sample letters, chosen almost at random: "Yesterday I read your article on loneliness. 'Loneliness' is the exact word. I'm sixty-eight, left alone, the last of ten children. For years I prayed to be spared to care for two sisters, one a cripple for life from polio, the other able until near the end to hobble with crutches. God answered my prayer. But now I'm so lonely! Yet my thought is rather for others less fortunate than myself. For I can still get about a little."

Here's another from a woman of eighty-seven, widow of a minister, now swallowed up in a great city. She writes of her loneliness, but says she thinks more of the loneliness of others less fortunate. Long a teacher in the Sunday school and an active visitor, until walking failed her at eighty, she says, "I've now been a shut-in for years, and hungry for people. But sometimes weeks pass in which not a member of my church comes to see me, and days when no one rings me on the phone for a friendly word. I have the dearest pastor, and it is a red-letter day when he comes and prays. But with hundreds of others to visit, he can get to see me not more than once a quarter. He says he has tried and tried to get someone to visit me (and other shut-ins), but in vain. I have a home and am comfortable, and my thought is rather for others less fortunate than I. I write many poems with a message and mail them to shut-ins."

### Two Visits In Six Years

A devoted churchman writes with the marks of culture: "I have the dearest pastor, and the finest church people I ever knew. But I'm all alone in a little house I built for myself. For I couldn't bear to be a burden to my children, devoted and loyal as they are, even to their fitting out a room for me to be known as 'Dad's Room.' But, in six years of my lonely life, my busy pastor has been to see me only twice—when I was sick; and in several years only one member of my church has been in my home, he a close neighbour. What you say about young people is so true; they could come in and bring many a ray of sunshine."

We should be slow to blame aged parents or their children in such cases as the last. Old people and young couples just don't fit, and they know it.

Here's a different sort of letter

from the far Southwest. It's a lovely letter out of a heart that loves and cares—cares for the aged and shut-ins. The writer speaks of her "dear little mother, eighty-eight and a shut-in," also far away. She tells of her own work as superintendent of the visitation department of her Sunday school. Repeatedly in her letter she speaks of "my precious shut-ins", and says, "With my whole heart, I dearly love each one of them", and says she had "always loved elderly people." She had given up an adult woman's class she loved to teach in order to give herself to the old and sick ones, and adds, "Nobody else would agree to take the job of visiting them." Very few would agree to help her. Some of her "patients" couldn't read, and she sighs, "If only I could get some who would read to them the Sunday school lessons!"

### Shamed Into Action

Before holidays and the birthdays of the shut-ins, she says she always does her utmost to send someone to visit them. She wrote the names of all her charges on a sheet and passed it around in the missionary society among the thirty members, asking each one to put her name opposite someone she would remember in some way. Only four agreed!

She said, "I felt indignant, and said, 'Every one of these will be remembered, if I have to do it all myself!'" they were shamed, and clamoured for the privilege of signing their names. She adds, "Since then they have co-operated with me."

Now is a good time to plan some little kindness for a lonely soul round the corner—or in a home for the aged. Several years ago at Christmas time I resolved to send out 100 messages of "kindness by mail"—on 100 post cards. Three of them went to old people in my home town—one to a fine man past eighty; another to a woman of eighty-five and blind; the other to a man long honoured as minister and educator, now sick, and sure he had come to the end of his way.

Next evening, only a few minutes apart, all three rang my phone and thanked me with touching warmth for three messages of appreciation—on three, three cent post cards!

I wonder if I ever received so much for so little. Try at least that much for the aged or shut-ins. You'll find it pays!

What is more, you'll have the approval of Jesus, for did He not say "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

# Making It Really Festive For the Homeless and the Unfortunate

ONE of the Army's most Christ-like ministries is that of infusing a little of the Christmas spirit into the nation's homeless, sick, friendless or imprisoned. To many of these unfortunates, the day that should stand out like a dazzling beacon in the year would not be different from any other day but for the Army's tireless workers.

The grimness of a Yuletide spent amid the dreary surroundings of the nation's reformatories is lightened somewhat by the cheery visit of Salvationists. Calendars, chocolate bars or other little gifts are presented to each prisoner in institutions right across the Dominion. The women offenders are not forgotten. Bands and singers also visit these places of confinement, with their message of cheer and hope.

In penal institutions throughout Canada that are not supervised by the Prison Department, the corps officers include the prisoners in their plans for the festive season.

Thousands of hospital patients—or inmates of nursing homes or homes for the aged—also see the smiling faces of Army workers, and find their otherwise lonely lot brightened by the gift of a colourful magazine (*The War Cry*) and a "sunshine bag"—a cellophane container of goodies. Often, it is the word of comfort and a prayer that is more appreciated than the material assistance. The league of mercy is well named.

The men's and women's social service departments sponsor a generous programme for their charges in the various Army hospi-



APPLY TERM-ED "sunshine bags", the cellophane containers of goodies are invariably accompanied by the sunshine of a motherly, Christian smile, so that the patients in hospitals or nursing homes, or the inmates of prisons, receive something far more than the eatables—the warmth and comfort of friendliness.



tals, receiving homes and industrial centres.

At the last-named placed in Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and other large cities across the Dominion, dinners are given to the staff and employees—many of whom are men who, by the work they are given to do at these centres, are being re-

habilitated. In addition, "poor men's dinners" bring joy into the lives of hundreds of homeless men, who make Army hostels their homes—either temporarily or permanently.

Representatives of the various advisory boards, also civic officials are glad to attend these dinners, (Continued on page 17)

SIMILAR GROUPS of poor children to those in the photograph are entertained clear across the continent—and, indeed all around the world—by the Army at Christmas time. The organization feels that, whatever the shortcomings or poverty of the parents, the children should experience the fullness of joy that the Day of Days should bring to them.





## Played "Santa"

for

## Forty Years

A Maritimes Philanthropist

**W**AY back in 1912, Willis Tibbetts, of Brighton, N.S., earned the title of Santa Claus in a simple way. He has tried to live up to it ever since. The snow had fallen heavily during that Christmas Eve and, when this Maritimes Salvationist rose early next morning he found it—as in the carol—“crisp and deep and even,” all around the district. Cheerfully, he grabbed a snow-shovel, and not satisfied with clearing his own walk, did the same for his next-door-neighbour, who did not get up so early. Later, he told Tibbetts that his children had got up, had noticed

the cleared walk, and had excitedly concluded that Santa himself had done the trick!

Brother Tibbetts liked the idea of bearing the role of Father Christmas. The next Christmas Eve, he filled a sack with candies and toys, put on whiskers and a red outfit, and sallied out to bring joy to the children of the neighbourhood. The thrills he got were tremendous, and he resolved to make it an annual event. Not a wealthy man, he thought of a way to make the articles given really worth while, so he encouraged neighbours to contribute toys and goodies to help eke out his little store of presents.

Now seventy-four years of age, Mr. Tibbetts is still willing to act as official Santa at the Army and at church parties, as well as making the rounds with his sack. He has belonged to the Army at Digby, N.S., for fifty-four years, and is a retired local officer.

## A TWENTY-POUND TURKEY

**W**HILE stationed at East Finchley, England, many years ago, writes an officer, I was collecting during the band's carolling and called at a large house where I received a donation. I was about to leave when a gentleman in the house called to a lady, “Oh, here is The Salvation Army, they will help us.”

The woman explained that they were in difficulty, having provided for a number of guests who, at the last minute, were unable to come. Then she told me that the main trouble was that they had a twenty-pound turkey to spare—could we do with it?

I quickly thanked her, at which she offered to have it cooked and delivered. In due course the turkey arrived at the quarters by car. At an informal “committee meeting” the carollers arranged that sick comrades of the corps should have first share. The bandmen and their wives or sweethearts were invited to enjoy the remainder at a special tea party.

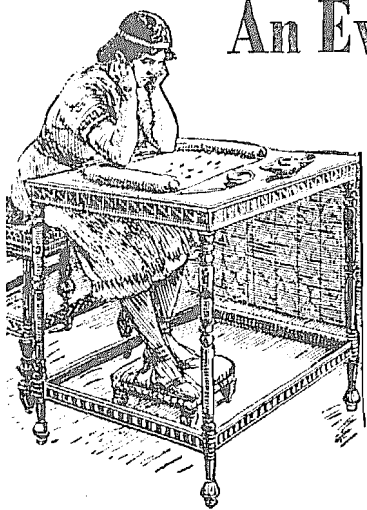
We invited the donors of the turkey, who expressed regret at not being able to accept, but they became friends of the Army and made a special contribution for Self-Denial, promising to do so each year.

When we visited the house carolling during the next Christmastide, the same person asked to see me and said she wanted to give the band a tea, and would cover all expense. We were glad to know that our bandmen's toil was appreciated and that we had been instrumental in winning such good friends for the Army.—*The Musician.*

THE DOG-SLEIGH has not altogether vanished as a means of transport in Northern Ontario and isolated parts of the West, Quebec and the Maritimes—as well as northern Newfoundland—the sleigh makes an ideal mode of travel over the frozen surface of the snow. In the picture, the young lady sits at her ease, while her friend guides. The dogs appear to be happy at their task.







## An Event The Jewish Editor Missed

### A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

**N**EARLY twenty centuries ago, the front page of a December issue of *The Palestinian Post* was filled with events of the day the editor thought to be most important. There were big headlines announcing a riot at Jerusalem. A number of young fanatics had torn down the standard of the imperial eagle of Rome from the Great Gate of the Temple, and forty of them had been arrested.

There was an account of Antipater, a son of the king, standing trial for his life on a charge of attempting to poison his father.

Then some of the Roman legions had been involved in a border skirmish in parts of the far-flung empire; a few uncouth tribes had made a raid, but had been repulsed by the hard-bitten troops standing guard along the outer ramparts of the world-dominating Roman Empire.

There were some social notes about influential men coming and going in the interest of the state; and some matters that have long since lost significance, if ever they had any.

Perhaps we cannot blame the editor! After all, a baby born in a stable, although a bit unusual, hardly warranted space in the paper, especially since those involved were such poor people. True, some shepherds had been spreading a story that morning about a visit by angels in the night, but then those fellows were always seeing things; too much solitude in the hills, no doubt.

Poor editor, he surely missed a scoop. The greatest and most important event that day was the birth

of that Baby Boy in Bethlehem's stable. The Roman Empire has crashed to the ground. The old tyrant, King Herod, did not live long, and his name would have been forgotten, except that it was linked to that of the Baby's in his attempt to destroy the innocent little Child. The important personages that paraded in the limelight have disappeared, and left no trace of their doings, but the Babe is remembered: His influence softens the hearts of multitudes, and brings the light of gladness into countless eyes and hearts. Did you not know, Mr. Editor, that the world was looking for someone like Him? In spite of our sin and folly, we still love the innocent and pure, and we needed the assurance He brought that such there still are.

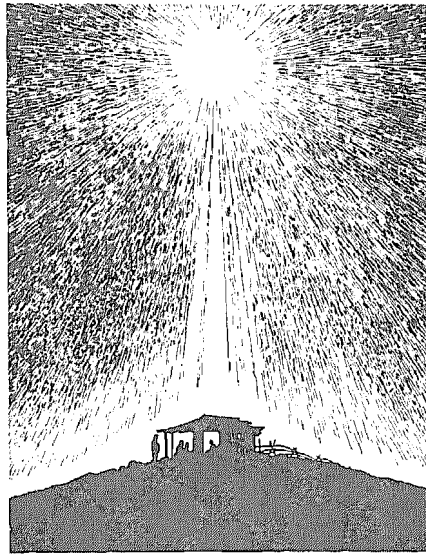
You went to school, Mr. Editor,

BY MAJOR LAWRENCE HANSEN

and learned a lot of the scripture by heart, but you must have forgotten it all, or else the daily grind has dulled your perception; otherwise, you would have been able to read the signs and say to yourself, "Here is something great." Just think of the prophecies here fulfilled; "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel." "But thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel."

Great news indeed! If the editor could have visualized all that the birth of this boy would mean to the world, he would have put out a special edition. Isaiah had said something about what Jesus would do when He came to earth: "Anointed to preach good tidings unto the meek—to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Who commenced to care for the sick? Men and women moved by the spirit of Christ. Who brought education to the underprivileged? Men like Lord Shaftesbury, a follower of Jesus. Who fought to free



the slaves from their degrading position and inhuman treatment? Men like William Wilberforce, drawing his inspiration from the Christ who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives." Who abolished the Devil's Island penal settlement, and rescued hundreds from a living grave?

French Salvationists, whose lives were dedicated to the service of Jesus.

The list is endless. Florence Nightingale, nursing the war-wounded; Elizabeth Fry, ameliorating the lot of prisoners; Father Damien, giving his life for the lepers—all were inspired to do their heroic deeds by the example and personality of Jesus Christ.

Jesus is still front page news. Who but He can take a debauched, besotted, broken piece of humanity and make of him a respectable, sober, worthwhile citizen? Who like Him can inspire men to selfless giving for the benefit of other men? Think of it this Christmas, reader! Take note of the significant, even if you must neglect the trivial. Let the coming of Christ be supreme, and the tinsel, and gifts, and feasting won't be so important. Give Jesus a front page place in your life.



# Hark The Glad Sound! A Joyous Christmas Carol

Allegro moderato M. = 112

*mf*

1. Hark, the glad sound! — the Sa - viour comes, The Sa-viour prom-ised

long, The Sa - viour prom - ised long; Let ev-'ry

*mf*

heart pre - pare — a throne, And ev-'ry voice a

And ev-'ry voice a song, And

*cresc.*

song, And ev-'ry voice a song, — And ev - 'ry voice a song.

ev-'ry voice a song, a song, —

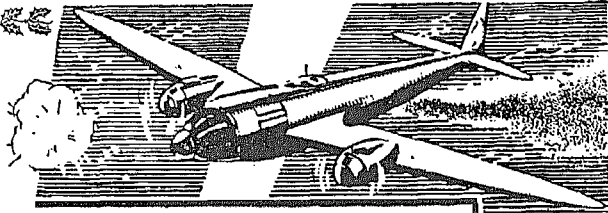
He comes, the prisoner to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace,  
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And Heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge

# Christmas Reflections



ONCE again the Holy Season is upon us and how different it is from that experienced in London, England, during the great blitz on that old gallant heart of the British Empire.

All church bells were silenced at the outbreak of the war, and Britishers knew they would only be rung in the event of an enemy invasion.

One night on civil defence duty, a Salvation Army officer was plagued as never before by a loss of faith as ruin and destruction seemed greater than ever. In Longfellow's words he mused:

"... I bowed my head; 'There is no peace on earth, I said: For hate is strong and mocks the song of peace on earth, goodwill to men.'"

London children were nearly all evacuated, and to listen to occasionally to B.B.C. short-wave conversations was moving in the extreme. One such talk was exchanged between a young Australian mother living in London, to whom a baby was born, and friends in that far-off country. "Fancy bringing a child into the world when the land is filled with death and devastation", they said. The mother spoke of her own feelings—to her the little baby girl was the right answer to all the sorrows of her adopted land. She represented life in the presence of death, faith in the future against fears of the present.

The officer became aware of a

THE CHIEF  
SECRETARY  
AND  
MRS. COLONEL  
Wm. DAVIDSON



strange sense of calm and confidence—made stronger when, after ninety-one continuous nights of bombing, for four nights over the Christmas season no bombers flew from Germany or England. All kinds of suggestions were made, but he seemed to think that the tiny fingers of the Babe of Bethle-

hem had done what no one or nothing else could do—He halted the bolting horses of war! (And it is not too much to say He can always keep them in check!)

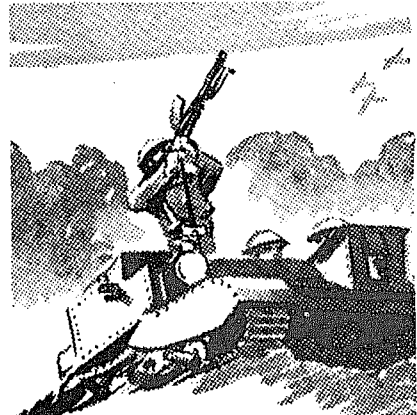
"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;  
The wrong shall fall, the right prevail,  
With peace on earth; goodwill to men.'"

"Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime  
Of peace on earth; goodwill to men."

Since the experiences just related were my own, I would remind you that whatever your condition—fearful, exhausted, inwardly defeated—Jesus can impart new joy, hope and power at this very moment.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

*By the Chief Secretary.*



## MAKING IT REALLY FESTIVE

(Continued from page 13)  
and see for themselves something of the manner in which Salvationists dispense cheer, and something of the reaction of the recipients of the citizens' bounty.

A unique celebration at Sherbourne Street, the well known men's hostel in Toronto, where scores of men have gained power from Christ to break free from the bonds of liquor and drugs is the "convert's dinner", when many of those who have found Christ at the hostel gather for fellowship.

Scarcely a fair-sized town in any part of the Territory—including Newfoundland, and Bermuda—but what has its Christmas celebration for the underprivileged—whether men, women or children. Thus is carried out Christ's teaching, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

## TO BETHLEHEM

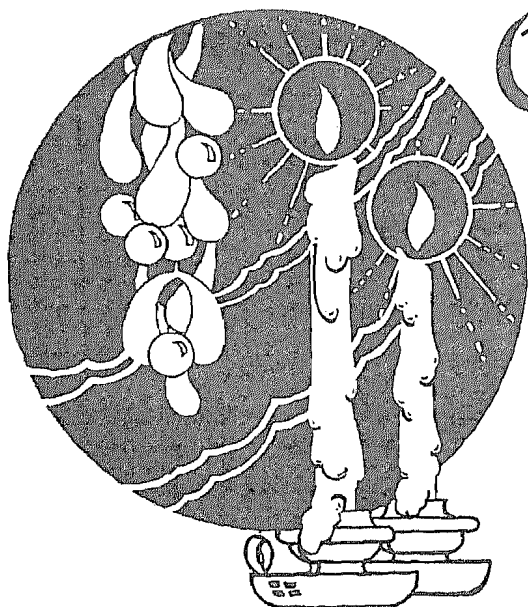
BY ALBERT ELLIOTT

"... Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass. ..."—Luke 2:15.

HOPE for our guiding star,  
Love that extends afar,  
Through the dark night,  
Still shines from Bethlehem,  
(With the glad song again:  
"Peace and good will toward men")  
A world to light.

Oh, for the faith to see  
What a grand change 'twould be  
If Christ were King!  
Shepherds and wise men then,  
(Rich and the poor again)  
Would go to Bethlehem  
To worship Him.

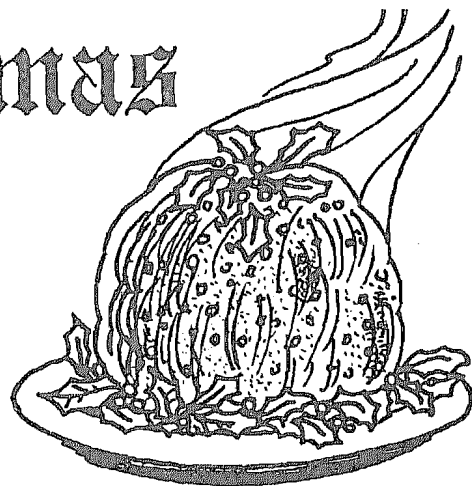




# Christmas

A Time of  
Worship Not  
Indulgence

BY FIRST-LIEUTENANT  
WILLIAM L. BROWN,



**T**HROUGH the frosty, night air, Christmas bells are gently ringing. The galaxies of stars radiate their silver light from the far wall of Heaven, causing the soft, ermine snow to sparkle with unusual splendour. Once more the Christmas spirit has descended upon mankind.

Men and women are walking through the city streets bent on pleasure and frivolity. The revealing pink flush on some faces tells of recent drinking. Others have indulged more freely, and stumble along in a drunken stupor . . . "O God, why do men delight in sinning against Thee? Why do they celebrate the glorious birth of Christ with the Cup of Darkness? . . . They will not hear Thy message of peace; they will not listen to Thy proclamation of truth, and thus they continue to disgrace Christmas with their careless, dreaming pleasure, and their self-willed indulgence."

On the morrow, when Christmas bells call to worship, many people will flock to the churches to hear once again the miraculous story of our Saviour's birth. But do they know the birth of His love in their hearts? Do they attend church out of love and adoration for Christ, or merely because of tradition and for the sake of "gaining respect"? God forbid that this should be so! Christ does not want His birth to be observed in this false way.

In many homes, little children are having "visions of sugar-plums". They are awaiting with expectant hearts the gifts of toys and games. Again and again they have heard how Santa Claus will bring these gifts to all good boys and girls, but little or nothing is mentioned about God's greatest Gift to man—Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. I would never take from the children the hearty, booming laughter of

good old St. Nicholas, and all the joy and fun which he brings to their Christmas but why do men not first proclaim to their children, and to the world, the story of Jesus?

"O, Man of Earth, drink not the cup of selfish pleasure which clutches at thy soul like a wild beast; mock not the Saviour's holy name by attending His Church with the black heart of sin; disgrace not His most glorious birth by making Santa Claus the theme of Christmas. Oh, that thou wouldst worship the King of Glory . . . the Babe in the manger, who has become the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

"O, Man of Earth, when wilt thou forsake the vain gods of selfish pleasure and seek the Eternal King of the Universe, who is Christ our Saviour? Why dost thou so shamelessly mock His glorious birth? Consider the illimitable, matchless love of God! Who can conceive it? Who can equal it? It is more bountiful than the sands of the sea and more luminous than all the stars of Heaven."

## CAROLS CHEER RESCUED SEAMEN

**I**N 1916 I was travelling with the Norwegian Staff Band at Christmas-time along the rugged north coast of Norway on board a coastal steamer, heading for a corps in that area. A storm was raging, and the black Polar night enveloped cliffs, rocks and islands.

Suddenly the ship was stopped, and a small craft was seen riding on the tossing breakers. It carried the English crew from a cargo liner that had been torpedoed by a submarine. The men were almost exhausted with exposure and exertion, but in a short while were all safely aboard our steamer, the Norwegians doing their utmost to help them.

After a while we took out our instruments and played some well-known hymns and tunes. The Britons, who by now had recuperated considerably, could hardly be-

lieve their eyes and ears. A Salvation Army band here in the Arctic night!

Very moved, one of the crew ran into the circle of playing Salvationists and cried out, "God is good! God is good!" to which we replied, "Yes, God is good!"—S. Eriksen, Bandmaster, Oslo I, Norway.

## Thanks To Carollers

**"T**HANK you for coming to our street again with the music of Christmas."

It was the voice of a woman of more than sixty years of age. She added, "My first child was born while the Army was serenading in our street and it helped us in our choice of a name for the baby. That was many years ago, and the

baby, now a woman, is married and settled in a land far from here. I am writing her tonight and I shall tell her that the Army is here again this year as they have been all the years with its message of hope, peace and goodwill to all. Thank you for calling and may God speed the Army in its great work for the bodies and souls of the people."

"Thank you for the music that puts Christ back into Christmas." It was a young mother speaking. She stood with her children on her veranda while the band played "Silent Night".

She continued: "The Army's message in music reminds one that Christmas belongs to Christ, that He made it possible. It should be a time of devotion and sincere worship rather than revelling and commercial pursuits. God bless you, Salvation Army! Keep on sending forth the real message of Christmas."

# O, HOLY NIGHT

Andante

A. Adam

1. Oh, ho - ly night the stars are bright - ly shin - ing, it is the  
2. Led by the light of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing with glow - ing

*simile*

night of the dear Sav - iour's birth  
hearts by His cra - dle we

pin  
gleam







So long as Salvation Army bands and songster brigades exist, the custom of carolling will never die out. In all of the eighty-five countries and colonies where the flag flies, the old carols are played or sung in the streets of the poor or wealthy, and the people are reminded of the true meaning of Christmas — the birth of the world's Redeemer